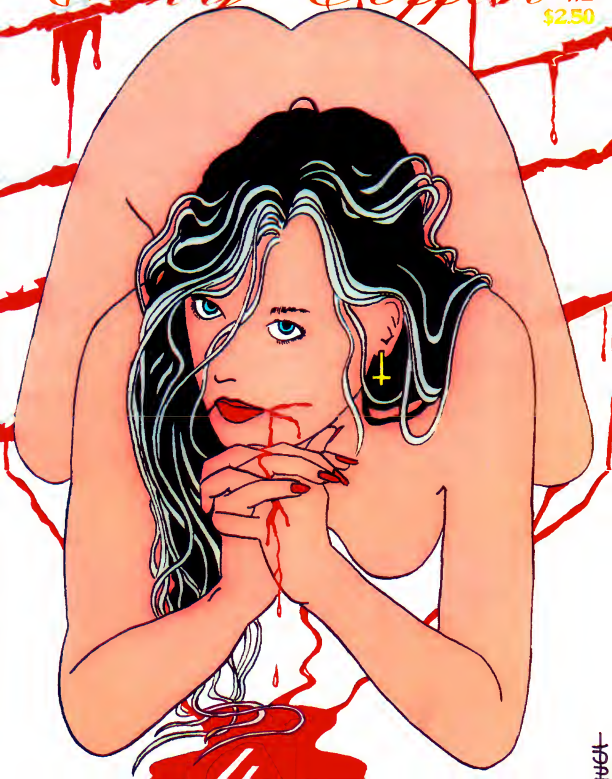


DRACULINA's

Curry Coffin

#2

\$2.50



DRACULINA's *Cozy Coffin*

DRACULINA PUBLISHING - PO BOX 969 - CENTRALIA, IL - 62801

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illustrated and written by
HUGH GALLAGHER

LITTLE BOY LOST:

illustrated by - **CLINT HILINSKI**
written by - **DAVID WATKINS**

NIGHT OF THE SUCCUBUS:

illustrated by - **WILLIAM REID**

TRUE CRAVING:

illustrated & written by -
RUSS MARTIN

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Hello.

Usually I give one of my long winded editorials but this time I think I'll let the final DRACULINA comic serve as my voice. I'd like to thank everyone who has supported the effort, I hope COZY COFFIN is able to continue for some time. I appreciate the letters, but unfortunately only a couple people wrote letters of any length so I'm still waiting to start that letters page. C'mon, let me read you thoughts.

THE COMIC THE MAGAZINE

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WHO SAID CRIME DOESN'T PAY? SEX SCANDALS, PETTY THIEVERY, AND FIRST DEGREE MURDER CAN GET THE UNNOTICED! NOTICED, AND ONCE FAMOUS STARS BACK IN THE LIME LIGHT! YOU DON'T THINK YOUR LIFE IS GOING ANYWHERE? KILL A DOZEN PEOPLE IN SOME GRUESOME FASHION AND THEN KICK BACK FOR THE MEDIA BLITZ! YOU WON'T NEED A LAWYER, YOU'LL NEED AN AGENT TO HANDLE THE MOVIE RIGHTS, BOOK DEALS AND MERCHANDISING! YOU'LL BE A HOUSEHOLD NAME! OKAY, THERE ARE SOME DRAW BACKS, LIKE LIFE IN PRISON AND POSSIBLE EXECUTION - AND A GUILTY CONSCIOUS TO GNAW AWAY AT YOU... BUT HEY, YOU WILL BE FAMOUS! AND STARDOM HAS IT'S PRICE! WELL, FOR OUR FIRST STORY IT SEEMS MY PAL WILLIAM YALE HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT! HE WAS A MOTIVATED GUY WITH HIS GOALS SET... OKAY, HIS GOAL WAS TO KILL MORE WHORES THAN JACK THE RIPPER... BUT YOU GOT TO ADMIRE THE GUY'S DETERMINATION! AND I THINK OLD WILLIAM WAS ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS... UNTIL SOMETHING HAPPENED, IN A STORY I CALL...

HELLO, DRACULINA... I HEARD SCREAMS FROM YOUR APARTMENT AGAIN! LOOK, I'M WARNING YOU... SIGN WITH ME NOW! TRUST ME, I CAN DO MIRACLES! LOOK WHAT I DID WITH THAT JEFFREY CHARACTER! HEY, WE'RE PUTTING OUT HIS COOK BOOK NEXT WEEK! I SET UP A SIGNING AT THE PRISON! LET'S DO LUNCH BABE! CHOW...

NIGHT OF THE Succubus

ENTER, IF YOU WILL, THE WORLD
OF A PSYCHOPATH, WHOSE
MONTHLY EXCURSIONS PROVE
MOST INTERESTING FOR THOSE
WHO DARE TO LOOK INTO THE DEEP
ABYSS OF THE HUMAN MIND...

MY SIXTH JOB COMPLETED, AND
A VERY NEAT ONE AT THAT. I'VE
EVEN OUTDONE YOU, JACK!

AH, JACK, THE MOST INFAMOUS OF
THE WHORE RIPPERS! BUT ONLY FIVE
MET YOUR BLADES, MY FRIEND, AND
NOW I'VE DONE YOU ONE BETTER!

ENJOY THE WORK OF MY BUSY HANDS, THE
INTRICATE DETAILS LAID OUT BEFORE ME.
SHE'LL MAKE A LOVELY CENTERPIECE FOR
THE NEWS TOMORROW AFTER SOME
UNSUSPECTING WRETCH STUMBLES ON MY
TRISEXED SUBJECT, STEAMING IN THE COLD
MORNING AIR FRAMED BY THICK RED PLUDDING.

THEY'LL NOTICE MY
INTERESTING COLLECTION OF
ENTRAILS IN THE PROPER
ORDER OF EXTRACTION. IF
I'VE TIME I'LL EVEN LABEL
THEM FOR THE LAYMEN.

OH, YES! I'VE ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE
NOTE FOR THE NEWSPAPER MAN. HE'LL
BE EXPECTING ONE, AND I DON'T WANT
TO DISAPPOINT MY AUDIENCE...
PERHAPS A LITTLE RHYME WOULD BE
APPROPRIATE.



At the morgue
they'll sing
a stitch in time saves nine.
Listen, a church bell rings
and soon the worms will dine.
Of such deeds I am now king
Their insidious most effective of fine
For these the cost is all mine.
YES! THE GLORY IS ALL MINE.

HE'LL PRINT IT IN HIS PAPER AND THEN FOLLOW WITH
"WHAT WE ARE DEALING WITH HERE IS A VERY SICK MIND!"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REID
WRITTEN BY MARK ZUMALT &
MARK S. ZIMMERMAN

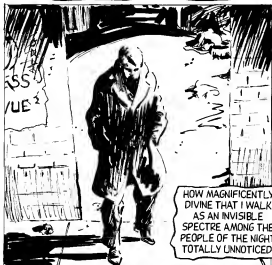


BUT HE KNOWS THAT IT'S ME THAT'S SELLING HIS PAPERS. THE PEOPLE LOVE TO HEAR WHAT I DO!

THE FILMED REPORTS ON THE EVENING NEWS ARE WATCHED BY CURIOUS MILLIONS WHO ADORE ME AND MY WORK. THEY LIKE THE FEELINGS ONLY I CAN GIVE.



I SERVE A CAUSE AND A PURPOSE. AND I DON'T MIND PATTING MYSELF ON THE BACK. HOWEVER, THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING COMES QUICKLY, AND MY HEART GROWS SICK FROM THE ACCELERATION OF MY GOOD DEEDS.



HOW MAGNIFICENTLY DIVINE THAT I WALK AS AN INVISIBLE SPECTRE AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE NIGHT TOTALLY UNNOTICED.



THE MOON BEAMS WILL GUIDE MY STEPS AND HIDE ME AWAY, AND I KNOW THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME.



I FEEL HEROIC AND FREE AS I LINDRESS AND DROP EXHAUSTED INTO MY BED.



MY HEAD SPINS AND I AM NUMB, AS I LIE AWAITING THE DREAMS.



THEY COME AS ALWAYS AFTER MY WORKS, AS REWARD. ALMOST EXPECTED, LIKE COMPANY IN MY HEAD.

I SEE MYSELF FROM FAR OFF IN AN OPEN-ROOFED CAR, CONFETTI FALLING AROUND ME. THE PEOPLE WAVE AND THROW ME FLOWERS, SHOUTING MY NAME, "WILLIAM, WILLIAM, WILLIAM!"



IT FEELS MAGNIFICENT AS THE BIG CAR ROLLS TOWARDS THE COURTHOUSE. AS WE STOP, SWARMS OF OUTSTRETCHED HANDS REACH FOR MINE.



AS THE DOORS CLOSE, THE NOISE IS DROWNED IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

VOICES BEGIN TO SMOTHER ME AGAIN, ALL ASKING FOR STATEMENTS...

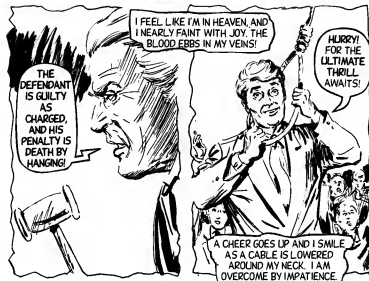
WHY? HOW? WHERE DID YOU LEARN YOUR SURGICAL SKILLS? WILL YOU PLEAD INSANITY? DID YOU ACT ALONE? DID YOU ACTUALLY KILL THE SIX WOMEN? WHAT MADE YOU DO IT?

A LIGHT BLINDS ME

THEN ANOTHER

AND ANOTHER

AS I WALK TOWARDS THE DOORS, MY HANDS SHAKE A HUNDRED. THEY WAVE AND REPEAT MY NAME. THEIR VOICES LULLING ME INTO AN UNMATCHED ECSTASY.





AND THE THRILL OF FALLING IS ABRUPTLY CUT SHORT WITH A SNAPPING SOUND. I FEEL MY OWN BLOOD TRICKLING FROM BROKEN VEINS, AND IN THIS AGONY I FIND MY FINAL PLEASURE...



AS I AWAKEN WITH A START IN MY BED.



THE MIDDAY SUN IS BRIGHT AND WARM THROUGH MY OPEN WINDOW.



NEARLY A MONTH LATER I AM AGAIN ON THE STREETS, EXPECTING MY SEVENTH TEST OF SKILL...



THE MOON SHINES BRIGHTLY IN THE CLEAR, STARRY SKY, AND I KNOW THEIR EVEN IN THEIR SUSPICIOUS STATES NO ONE CAN HEAR ME, BECAUSE I LEARNED LONG AGO HOW TO WALK ON THE MOONS LIGHT. I CAN MOVE AS SILENT AND INVISIBLE AS A BLACK CAT ON THE DARKEST OF WET NIGHTS.



I FEEL STRONGER AS I FINGER MY BLACK CASE OF STAINLESS-STEEL SCALPELS.

SHE IS NEAR...



I FEEL HER PRESENCE, JUST LIKE THE OTHERS. MY TEMPLES SWELL WITH BLOOD AND I TAKE DEEP BREATHS.



I AM ALMOST UPON HER, AND I SEE THAT SHE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL. THEY USUALLY ARE. SUCH A SHAME.

FIRST I MUST BARGAIN WITH HER. THEN TAKE HER TO A DARKENED ALLEY AND DO WHAT IS DIVINELY NECESSARY.

HER VOICE PROJECTS ITSELF TO ME...

UH, YES,
I... UH...
REALLY
AM.

HEY! YOU LOOK
LONELY... JOHN!

I REPLY TIMIDLY, JUST TO
PLAY THE GAME.

SHE
INSTINCTIVELY
KNOWS WHAT
TO SAY...

GOT
FIFTY
DOLLARS
ON YOU?

WHY YES,
AS A
MATTER OF
FACT, I DO!

SHE IS MINE!

SUDDENLY I REALIZE A
STRANGE PRESENCE,
UNLIKE ANY I'VE FELT
BEFORE. SOMETHING'S
WRONG! I'VE NEVER
GOTTEN NERVOUS
BEFORE!

SHE TAKES MY HAND,
WHICH TURNS COLD AT
THE TOUCH, AND LEADS
ME TOWARDS THE
BLACK ALLEYWAY!
IMPOSSIBLE! SHE SEEMS
STRONGER THAN ME! I
MUST FOLLOW HER!

AS WE ENTER THE
DARK PASSAGEWAY,
MY PRECIOUS
MOONLIGHT IS
BLOCKED FROM
MY SIGHT. I
MUST DO IT
NOW, BEFORE
MY
STRENGTH
IS GONE.

MY HAND SHAKES WITH FEAR
AS IT SEARCHES MY POCKET
FOR THE BLACK CASE...

NO!
IT'S
NOT
THERE!


HELPLESS, I MUST FOLLOW HER
DEEPER INTO THE DARK ABYSS.

SHE DRAGS ME TO MY
KNEES, AND I FEEL MY
FLESH SHRED AGAINST
THE CONCRETE.

HELP ME!
PLEASE!

SOMEONE
HELP ME! GOD
HELP ME!

THERE IS NO MORE LIGHT. MY
STOMACH CRAWLS WITH FEAR. I
HEAR MY BONES.




SHE FINALLY TURNS TO ME.
HER EYES GLOWING RED. HER
FACE ABLAZE IN ORANGE!
SHE BURNS AND FREEZES ME
AT THE SAME TIME!

MY MOUTH WILL NOT
OPEN AND I CANNOT
MOVE! I AM PARALYZED
AND IN HER POWER!



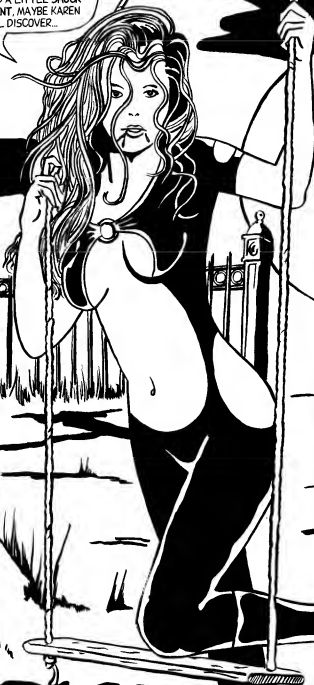
SHE WILL END ME
WITHOUT GLORY.
SHE WILL DESTROY
THE DREAM! ONLY
THE DEVIL WOULD
DO SUCH A THING!



PLEASE GOD, LET
ME HAVE THE GLORY.
MY GLOR... GLO... GL...
G... G...



WELL, HERE'S A CUTE LITTLE TALE. SEEMS KAREN HAS GOTTEN A BAD CASE OF AMNESIA... SHE NOT ONLY CAN'T REMEMBER HER OWN PAST - SHE CAN'T REMEMBER HER OWN SON'S PAST AS WELL! AH, THOSE CHILDHOOD DAYS... HIDE AND GO KILL, FLASHLIGHT STAB... WELL, WITH THE RIGHT MEDICAL CARE, AND A LITTLE SHOCK TREATMENT, MAYBE KAREN WILL DISCOVER...



LITTLE BOY LOST



WRITTEN
BY
DAVID
WATKINS

ART
BY
CLINT
MILINSKI





LOOK, KAREN, I DON'T *KNOW* WHAT YOUR DREAMS MEAN. I'M A PLASTIC SURGEON. DAMMIT, NOT A PSYCHOLOGIST.

I KNOW THAT.



YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND. *HELL*, MY *ONLY* FRIEND. YOU HELPED ME SO MUCH AFTER THE CAR ACCIDENT.

I DID A *REALLY* GREAT JOB ON YOUR NOSE, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF. IT'S *ALMOST* BUTTON LIKE!



BE *SERIOUS*, YOU BASTARD. THESE DREAMS REALLY HAVE ME SPOOKED. ASIDE FROM MESSING UP MY FACE, THE ACCIDENT *STOLE* MY MEMORY.

HAS IT *REALLY* BEEN FIVE YEARS SINCE THEY HAULED YOUR WRECKED AND *BLOODY* BODY INTO MY HOSPITAL?



FIVE *YEARS* OF NOT KNOWING WHO THE HELL I AM!

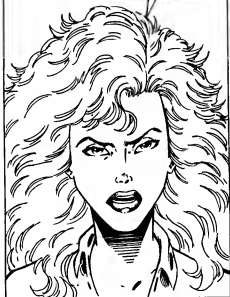
YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, KAREN.



KAREN, THAT'S FUNNY. I DON'T EVEN KNOW MY *REAL* NAME. YOU TOOK PITY ON ME AND *DUBBED* ME KAREN. BECAME MY FRIEND.

AND GAVE YOU ONE *HELL* OF A NEW NOSE. I SHOULD GET SOME KIND OF *AWARD*.

YOU'RE INCORRIGIBLE.
LOOK, BILL, THIS DREAM
ABOUT A LITTLE BOY
IN DANGER HAS BEEN
PLAGUING ME **EVERY**
DAMN NIGHT OF **EVERY**
DAMN WEEK OF THIS
DAMN MONTH! IT MUST
MEAN SOMETHING.
SOMETHING ABOUT MY
PAST. AND I **THINK** I
KNOW WHAT IT IS.



I THINK IT'S MY
SON. I THINK THAT
I'VE GOT A SON
OUT THERE AND
HE'S IN DANGER.



NOPE. TRY AGAIN.
I DIDN'T EXAMINE
YOU, KAREN, BUT
DOCTOR TOBIAS DID
AND YOU HAVE **NEVER**
EVER GIVEN BIRTH.
THAT'S ONE OF THE
FIRST THINGS THEY
CHECK ON **NEW**
JANE DOES.

I **FEEL** A DEEP CONNECTION
TO THIS BOY. HE HAS TO
BE A SON. HE **HAS** TO BE.
I THINK THIS IS THE **FIRST**
STEP IN MY MEMORY COMING
BACK.

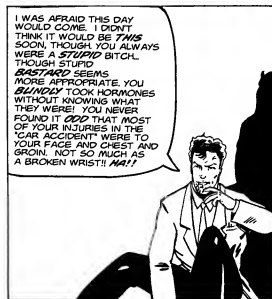
YEAH, WELL, JUST DON'T
FILL YOURSELF UP **700**
MUCH ON LUNCH. YOU'RE
HAVING DINNER WITH ME
AND THE BALL AND
CHAIN TONIGHT.











YOU SEE, WE WERE GOOD FRIENDS...UNTIL WE WANTED THE SAME WOMAN, **BETTY**. SHE WAS YOUR GIRL FIRST. I DIDN'T HAVE THE **HEART** TO KILL YOU, OLD FRIEND. SO INSTEAD, I FORCED DR. CRENSHAW TO WIFE AWAY YOUR MEMORY WITH HYPNOSIS.



THEN, WITH THE HELP OF A FEW LOYAL NURSES, I CHANGED YOU INTO **KAREN**. YOU SPENT MONTHS HERE THINKING THAT YOU WERE RECOVERING FROM A "CAR WRECK", BUT IN FACT YOU WERE HERE BECAUSE OF A **DIFFERENT** TYPE OF SURGERY.



BASTARD!! YOU DID THIS TO ME...JUST TO GET PUSSY?!



HEY, IF YOU KNEW MY MARRIAGE YOU'D KNOW THAT **THAT** WAS THE RAREST THING I GOT! BUT SERIOUSLY, I'D DO ANYTHING TO GET **BETTY**. AND APPARENTLY I **HAVE!**



LOOKING FOR **THIS**, DR. BILL?



NOW, **KAREN**. ~~TIM~~ LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING RASH! YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT YOU LOOK **BETTER** AS A GIRL! HUH?

YOU **ALWAYS** DID GOOD WORK, BILL. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.



OH MY GOD!



HE HON, I HOPE YOU TWO WERENT PLANING ON HAVING ANY **KIDS!**



A CLASSIC VAMPIRE ATTACK... SOMETIMES I LIKE TO WATCH THE SLAYINGS... TRY AND MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL... A VAMPIRE'S THIRST IS NEVER QUENCHED, MUCH LIKE MORTALS... IN FACT, THE SIMILARITIES BETWEEN VAMPIRES AND HUMANS ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO COUNT! BUT ARE THESE DESIRES WE HAVE CONTROLLABLE?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE WERE ABLE TO ACHIEVE OUR INNER NEEDS WITHOUT NEEDLESS DESTRUCTION? OR IS THE DESTRUCTION WHAT WE REALLY DESIRE? I GUESS BEFORE WE CAN ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS WE MUST FIRST FIND OUR...

True Craving

RELUCTANTLY SHE ALLOWS THE FINAL WISP OF HIS LIFE ITS ESCAPE INTO SPACE. ONCE ROBUST, HE NOW LIES PALE AND DESSICATED, HIS SKIN A FRAGILE PARCHMENT UPON WHICH IS WRIT A TALE OF SLOW AGONY.

FOUR DAYS. HE LASTED LONGER THAN MOST. AH, WELL... ONE MORE THING TO TAKE CARE OF...

SHE BEARS THE DELICATE HUSK OUT TO A MOONLIT LANDSCAPE AS WASTED AND EMPTY AS HE IS...

MY LOVE, I GRANT YOU THE KINDNESS OF A QUICK DESTRUCTION AT SUNRISE... SO YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO SUFFER ETERNALLY AS I DO.

THERE'S SO LITTLE LIFE LEFT TO FEED ON... AND IT MAKES ME SO SAD. BUT NOT FOR MY OWN SURVIVAL...

I'VE BEEN LONG DEAD... IF NOW IS THE TIME TO LIE DOWN AND BE STILL, SO BE IT.

STORY AND ART © 1994 BY RUSS MARTIN

WINGS UNFOLD LIKE DARK SAILS LOOSE IN THE WIND, CARRYING HER ABOVE THE WASTELAND...

I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD FEEL SUCH NOSTALGIA FOR THE LIVING... THE THRONGS, RESTAURANTS, THEATRES... HOW WONDERFUL IT WAS TO PLAY AT BEING HUMAN.

NOW I'M NO MORE THAN A DESERT ANIMAL PROPELLED BY NEED... WHO MUST KEEP MOVING WESTWARD TO...

SUDDENLY SHE SEES IT... A GLOWING ISLAND IN THE MIDST OF THE DEVASTATION.



IT IS!
A CITY!

IT ERUPTS FROM THE DESERT LIKE BURNING CRYSTAL.



FOR A MOMENT HER SENSES ARE
OVERWHELMED BY THE DAZZLING
TRAJECTORY OF LIFE AND MACHINERY
THAT WAS ONCE SO COMMON ...

IT'S AS IF SOMEONE
GRANTED MY
FONDEST WISH!

AND LOOK!
SOMEONE'S
STRAYING TOWARD
AN ALLEY!



I WANT TO GO AFTER HIM
... BUT LOOK AT ME - A
FILTHY BEAST IN RAGS!
I'VE LOST SO MUCH - BEING
AWAY FROM CITIES.

BUT I'M
WEAK FROM SO
MUCH RATIONING
... AND
HE'S TURNED
THE CORNER.



I'LL WORRY
ABOUT THE
NICETIES
AFTERWARDS

AS SILENT AND BLACK
AS VELVET, SHE RIDES HER
APPETITE ACROSS THE ALLEY...



AND WRAPS HERSELF
ABOUT HIM LIKE
A SHROUD.

I ACHIEVE
FOR YOU,
MY LOVE!

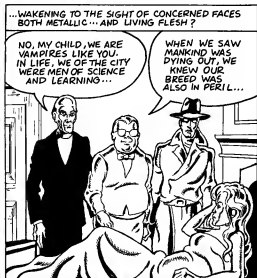


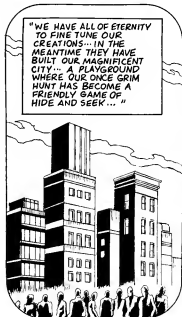
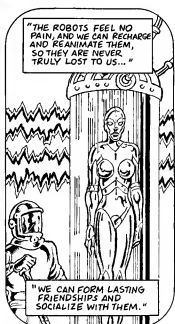
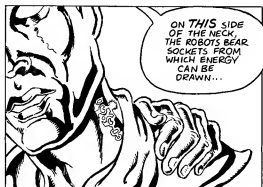
SKREEK



HIS NECK!
IT WAS ...
IT WAS...

HER LAST SCRAPS OF STRENGTH CARRY HER BACK TO A TABLEAU SUDDENLY HORRIFIC IN ITS PRISTINE BEAUTY...





LAST ISSUE I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH PAGES TO PROPERLY INTRODUCE EACH STORY... NOW, DUE TO AN ARTIST CRAPPING OUT ON ME, I HAVE MORE PAGES THAN I NEED! SO, I COULD EITHER CRAM THE PAGES WITH ADS, OR I COULD RAMBLE ON AIMLESSLY FOR THREE PAGES... I CHOSE THE RAMBLING...

I'VE GOT THE ARTIST'S ADDRESS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

I THOUGHT I'D INTRODUCE YOU TO THE WORLD OF INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING! INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING BASICALLY MEANS YOU HAVE PEOPLE WITH NO MONEY WORKING FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME COMPLAINING ABOUT HOW THEY HAVE TO WORK LONG HOURS AND MAKE NO MONEY!

I HAVE NO LIFE!

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THINGS HERE AT DRACULINA! OUR FORTE IS MAGAZINES... YES, WE'VE HAD A PRETTY GOOD RUN WITH THE MAGAZINES AND IT CONTINUES TO GROW... BUT, THE PUBLISHER GOT THIS BRAIN STORM... COMICS!

I'LL TAKE YOU THROUGH THE DRILL... FIRST, YOU MUST FIND GOOD STORIES, AND THEN MATCH THEM UP WITH EQUALLY GOOD ARTISTS. THIS CAN BE A JOB... NOT THAT THERE ISN'T A LOT OF GOOD STORIES AND ARTISTS OUT THERE... YOU JUST HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM...

THERE IS A PROCEDURE TO DOING COMICS... LET'S TALK ABOUT COZY COFFIN, SINCE I'M AN EXPERT ON THAT...

I'LL DO THE ARTWORK... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY ME A CASE OF BEER AND BUY ME A NEW BACK TIRE FOR MY CAR!

LOOK, I'LL PAY YOUR LAST MONTH'S PHONE BILL, AND GETTING YOUR CAT NEUTERED... THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO!



DRACULINA'S COZY COFFIN #2: More stuff from THOSE GUYS. \$2.50

OKAY! IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THERE'S A LITTLE COMPETITION OUT THERE!

YOU CAN REALLY GET NOTICED BY TAKING OUT ADS IN CATALOGS, ALL THE TRADE PAPERS AND MAGAZINES... BUT, THAT COST MONEY... AND THE PUBLISHER DOESN'T LIKE ANYTHING THAT COST MONEY...

EEYYAAHHH! SHE'S SAYING THE "M" WORD AGAIN!

YOUR BOOK HAS BEEN LISTED AND NOW YOU MUST GATHER THE MATERIAL TO PUT TOGETHER THE COMIC! ... ONCE AGAIN YOU MUST DEAL WITH THE ARTISTS...

UH... I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE ARTWORK IN TOMORROW BUT I RAN INTO A COUPLE OF PROBLEMS... MY DOG HAS BEEN MISSING FOR 2 WEEKS AND I'M INVOLVED IN A MASSIVE MAN HUNT FOR HIM NOW... "WOOF" (SHUTUP REX)... I WOULD OF CALLED YOU SOONER BUT I RAN OVER MY PHONE WITH MY CAR... "WOOF"... I GUESS I WON'T MAKE THAT DEADLINE...

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER...

SOMETIMES GATHERING THE MATERIAL CAN BE A JOB IN ITSELF! ONCE IT'S TOGETHER, IT'S TIME TO SHIP TO THE PRINTERS...

HEY, HOW DO YOU SPELL MUTILATED? AW, FORGET IT... I'LL JUST PUT 'REAL MESSY!'

ONCE THE ORDERS COME IN THE PUBLISHER GOES OVER HIS BOOKS TO SEE JUST HOW MUCH MONEY WENT OUT, AND HOW MUCH IS ACTUALLY GOING TO COME IN... BESIDES PAYING ARTISTS AND WRITERS, THERE ARE PRINTING BILLS, SHIPPING BILLS, AND THINGS YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT...

PRETTY EXCITING HUH? YES, THE INDEPENDENTS ARE IN A CLASS ALL THEIR OWN, BASICALLY BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WANTS TO BE THERE! BUT, I DON'T WANT TO SOUND NEGATIVE... A LOT OF GOOD THINGS COMES OUT OF INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING. HERE AT DRACULINA WE'RE INTRODUCING SOME PRETTY COOL STUFF... INCLUDING THE NEW SABRA BLADE (OUT NOW) AND SISTER ARMAGEDDON (COMING IN JANUARY)! ALSO COMING - THIS IS NOT AN EXIT - SHEILA TRENT: VAMPIRE HUNTER AND MELISSA MOORE: BODYGUARD... AND, OF COURSE, THE FULL COLOR DRACULINA COMIC!

I GUESS ALL THIS LEADS UP TO THE FACT THAT YOU SHOULDN'T IGNORE THE INDEPENDENTS! EVEN IF YOU DON'T CONTINUE TO BUY DRACULINA PUBLICATIONS, YOU SHOULD STILL CHECK OUT AND SUPPORT OTHER INDEPENDENT COMICS... THERE IS SOME GOOD STUFF OUT THERE, AND YOU SHOULDN'T BE BLINDED BY THE MAIN STREAM GLITTER... IT'S BIG BUSINESS TO THEM AND ALTHOUGH IT'S NEEDED, IT SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO COMPLETELY DOMINATE THE INDUSTRY... LET THE LITTLE GUY BREATHE... SO, I CAN DOMINATE THEM!

WELL, I GUESS THAT WRAPS UP THIS ISSUE OF COZY COFFIN. LOOK FOR #3 IN APRIL... OR I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU!

TALON

